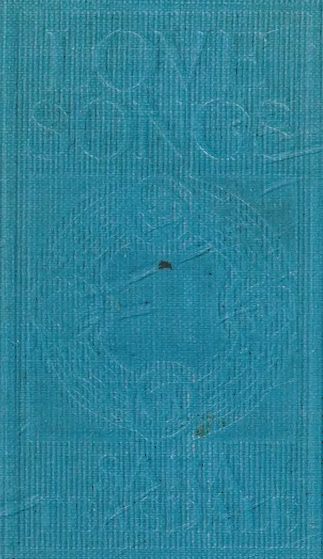

HOME
SONGS

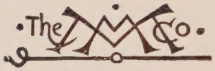
6—
43

Lucy L. Gates
December, 1929

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/lovesongs0000sara_h7a6

LOVE SONGS



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · DALLAS
ATLANTA · SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
LONDON · BOMBAY · CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO

LOVE SONGS

BY

SARA TEASDALE

AUTHOR OF
"RIVERS TO THE SEA,"
"HELEN OF TROY AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1928
All rights reserved

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY SARA TEASDALE
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY SARA TEASDALE
COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY THE MACMILLAN CO.

COPYRIGHT, 1917,
BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Set up and electrotyped. Published September, 1917. Reprinted November, 1917. May, August, October, 1918; September, 1919; May, 1920; August, 1921. September, 1922; August, 1923; March, August, 1925. April, November, 1926; September, 1927; February; November, 1928.

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

To E.

I have remembered beauty in the night,
Against black silences I waked to see
A shower of sunlight over Italy
And green Ravello dreaming on her height;
I have remembered music in the dark,
The clean swift brightness of a fugue of Bach's,
And running water singing on the rocks
When once in English woods I heard a lark.

But all remembered beauty is no more
Than a vague prelude to the thought of you —
You are the rarest soul I ever knew,
Lover of beauty, knightliest and best;
My thoughts seek you as waves that seek the shore,
And when I think of you, I am at rest.

PREFATORY NOTE

Beside new poems, this book contains lyrics taken from "Rivers to the Sea" (The Macmillan Company), "Helen of Troy and Other Poems" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), and one or two from an earlier volume. Thanks are due to the editors of *Harper's, Century, Scribner's, Poetry* and other periodicals for their permission to include poems hitherto unpublished in book form.

For permission to set any of these poems to music, application should be made to the author through the publishers.

CONTENTS

I

	PAGE
Barter	3
Twilight	5
Night Song at Amalfi	6
The Look	7
A Winter Night	8
A Cry	9
Gifts	10
But Not to Me	11
Song at Capri	12
Child, Child	13
Love Me	14
Pierrot	15
Wild Asters	16
The Song for Colin	17
Four Winds	18
Debt	19
Faults	20
Buried Love	21
The Fountain	22
I Shall Not Care	24
After Parting	25
A Prayer	26

CONTENTS

PAGE

Spring Night 27
May Wind 29
Tides 30
After Love 31
New Love and Old 32
The Kiss 33
Swans 34
The River 35
November 36
Spring Rain 37
The Ghost 39
Summer Night, Riverside 41
Jewels 43

II

Interlude: SONGS OUT OF SORROW . . 45
I. Spirit's House 47
II. Mastery 48
III. Lessons 49
IV. Wisdom 50
V. In a Burying Ground 51
VI. Wood Song 52
VII. Refuge 53

III

The Flight 57
Dew 58
To-night 59
Ebb Tide 60

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I Would Live in Your Love	61
Because	62
The Tree of Song	63
The Giver	64
April Song	65
The Wanderer	66
The Years	67
Enough	68
Come	69
Joy	70
Riches	71
Dusk in War Time	72
Peace	73
Moods	74
Houses of Dreams	75
Lights	76
"I Am Not Yours"	77
Doubt	78
The Wind	79
Morning	80
Other Men	81
Embers	82
Message	83
The Lamp	84

IV

A November Night	87

LOVE SONGS

BARTER

Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;

For one white singing hour of peace
  Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

TWILIGHT

Dreamily over the roofs
  The cold spring rain is falling;
Out in the lonely tree
  A bird is calling, calling.

Slowly over the earth
  The wings of night are falling;
My heart like the bird in the tree
  Is calling, calling, calling.

NIGHT SONG AT AMALFI

I ASKED the heaven of stars
  What I should give my love —
It answered me with silence,
  Silence above.

I asked the darkened sea
  Down where the fishers go —
It answered me with silence,
  Silence below.

Oh, I could give him weeping,
  Or I could give him song —
But how can I give silence,
  My whole life long?

THE LOOK

Strephon kissed me in the spring,
  Robin in the fall,
But Colin only looked at me
  And never kissed at all.

Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,
  Robin's lost in play,
But the kiss in Colin's eyes
  Haunts me night and day.

A WINTER NIGHT

My window-pane is starred with frost,
The world is bitter cold to-night,
The moon is cruel, and the wind
Is like a two-edged sword to smite.

God pity all the homeless ones,
The beggars pacing to and fro,
God pity all the poor to-night
Who walk the lamp-lit streets of snow.

My room is like a bit of June,
Warm and close-curtained fold on fold,
But somewhere, like a homeless child,
My heart is crying in the cold.

A CRY

Oh, there are eyes that he can see,
  And hands to make his hands rejoice,
But to my lover I must be
  Only a voice.

Oh, there are breasts to bear his head,
  And lips whereon his lips can lie,
But I must be till I am dead
  Only a cry.

GIFTS

I GAVE my first love laughter,
I gave my second tears,
I gave my third love silence
Through all the years.

My first love gave me singing,
My second eyes to see,
But oh, it was my third love
Who gave my soul to me.

BUT NOT TO ME

The April night is still and sweet
With flowers on every tree;
Peace comes to them on quiet feet,
But not to me.

My peace is hidden in his breast
Where I shall never be;
Love comes to-night to all the rest,
But not to me.

SONG AT CAPRI

When beauty grows too great to bear
  How shall I ease me of its ache,
For beauty more than bitterness
  Makes the heart break.

Now while I watch the dreaming sea
  With isles like flowers against her breast,
Only one voice in all the world
  Could give me rest.

CHILD, CHILD

Child, child, love while you can
The voice and the eyes and the soul of a man;
Never fear though it break your heart —
Out of the wound new joy will start;
Only love proudly and gladly and well,
Though love be heaven or love be hell.

Child, child, love while you may,
For life is short as a happy day;
Never fear the thing you feel —
Only by love is life made real;
Love, for the deadly sins are seven,
Only through love will you enter heaven.

LOVE ME

Brown-thrush singing all day long
In the leaves above me,
Take my love this April song,
"Love me, love me, love me!"

When he harkens what you say,
Bid him, lest he miss me,
Leave his work or leave his play,
And kiss me, kiss me, kiss me!

PIERROT

Pierrot stands in the garden
  Beneath a waning moon,
And on his lute he fashions
  A fragile silver tune.

Pierrot plays in the garden,
  He thinks he plays for me,
But I am quite forgotten
  Under the cherry tree.

Pierrot plays in the garden,
  And all the roses know
That Pierrot loves his music, —
  But I love Pierrot.

WILD ASTERS

In the spring I asked the daisies
If his words were true,
And the clever, clear-eyed daisies
Always knew.

Now the fields are brown and barren,
Bitter autumn blows,
And of all the stupid asters
Not one knows.

THE SONG FOR COLIN

I SANG a song at dusking time
  Beneath the evening star,
And Terence left his latest rhyme
  To answer from afar.

Pierrot laid down his lute to weep,
  And sighed, "She sings for me."
But Colin slept a careless sleep
  Beneath an apple tree.

FOUR WINDS

"Four winds blowing through the sky,
You have seen poor maidens die,
Tell me then what I shall do
That my lover may be true."
Said the wind from out the south,
"Lay no kiss upon his mouth,"
And the wind from out the west,
"Wound the heart within his breast,"
And the wind from out the east,
"Send him empty from the feast,"
And the wind from out the north,
"In the tempest thrust him forth;
When thou art more cruel than he,
Then will Love be kind to thee."

THE FOUNTAIN

The fountain sang and sang
  The things one cannot tell;
The dreaming peacocks stirred
  And the gleaming dew-drops fell.

I SHALL NOT CARE

When I am dead and over me bright April
Shakes out her rain-drenched hair,
Though you should lean above me broken-hearted,
I shall not care.

I shall have peace, as leafy trees are peaceful
When rain bends down the bough,
And I shall be more silent and cold-hearted
Than you are now.

AFTER PARTING

Oh, I have sown my love so wide
  That he will find it everywhere;
It will awake him in the night,
  It will enfold him in the air.

I set my shadow in his sight
  And I have winged it with desire,
That it may be a cloud by day,
  And in the night a shaft of fire.

A PRAYER

Until I lose my soul and lie
  Blind to the beauty of the earth,
Deaf though shouting wind goes by,
  Dumb in a storm of mirth;

Until my heart is quenched at length
  And I have left the land of men,
Oh, let me love with all my strength
  Careless if I am loved again.

SPRING NIGHT

The park is filled with night and fog,
  The veils are drawn about the world,
The drowsy lights along the paths
  Are dim and pearled.

Gold and gleaming the empty streets,
  Gold and gleaming the misty lake,
The mirrored lights like sunken swords,
  Glimmer and shake.

Oh, is it not enough to be
Here with this beauty over me?
My throat should ache with praise, and I
Should kneel in joy beneath the sky.
O, beauty, are you not enough?
Why am I crying after love,
With youth, a singing voice, and eyes
To take earth's wonder with surprise?

SPRING NIGHT

Why have I put off my pride,
Why am I unsatisfied,—
I, for whom the pensive night
Binds her cloudy hair with light,—
I, for whom all beauty burns
Like incense in a million urns?
O beauty, are you not enough?
Why am I crying after love?

MAY WIND

I said, "I have shut my heart
  As one shuts an open door,
That Love may starve therein
  And trouble me no more."

But over the roofs there came
  The wet new wind of May,
And a tune blew up from the curb
  Where the street-pianos play.

My room was white with the sun
  And Love cried out in me,
"I am strong, I will break your heart
  Unless you set me free."

TIDES

Love in my heart was a fresh tide flowing
Where the starlike sea gulls soar;
The sun was keen and the foam was blowing
High on the rocky shore.

But now in the dusk the tide is turning,
Lower the sea gulls soar,
And the waves that rose in resistless yearning
Are broken forevermore.

AFTER LOVE

There is no magic any more,
We meet as other people do,
You work no miracle for me
Nor I for you.

You were the wind and I the sea —
There is no splendor any more,
I have grown listless as the pool
Beside the shore.

But though the pool is safe from storm
And from the tide has found surcease,
It grows more bitter than the sea,
For all its peace.

NEW LOVE AND OLD

In my heart the old love
  Struggled with the new;
It was ghostly waking
  All night through.

Dear things, kind things,
  That my old love said,
Ranged themselves reproachfully
  Round my bed.

But I could not heed them,
  For I seemed to see
The eyes of my new love
  Fixed on me.

Old love, old love,
  How can I be true?
Shall I be faithless to myself
  Or to you?

THE KISS

I HOPED that he would love me,
And he has kissed my mouth,
But I am like a stricken bird
That cannot reach the south.

For though I know he loves me,
To-night my heart is sad;
His kiss was not so wonderful
As all the dreams I had.

SWANS

Night is over the park, and a few brave stars
Look on the lights that link it with chains of gold,
The lake bears up their reflection in broken bars
That seem too heavy for tremulous water to hold.

We watch the swans that sleep in a shadowy place,
And now and again one wakes and uplifts its head;
How still you are — your gaze is on my face —
We watch the swans and never a word is said.

THE RIVER

I CAME from the sunny valleys
And sought for the open sea,
For I thought in its gray expanses
My peace would come to me.

I came at last to the ocean
And found it wild and black,
And I cried to the windless valleys,
"Be kind and take me back!"

But the thirsty tide ran inland,
And the salt waves drank of me,
And I who was fresh as the rainfall
Am bitter as the sea.

NOVEMBER

The world is tired, the year is old,
The fading leaves are glad to die,
The wind goes shivering with cold
Where the brown reeds are dry.

Our love is dying like the grass,
And we who kissed grow coldly kind,
Half glad to see our old love pass
Like leaves along the wind.

SPRING RAIN

I THOUGHT I had forgotten,
But it all came back again
To-night with the first spring thunder
In a rush of rain.

I remembered a darkened doorway
Where we stood while the storm swept by,
Thunder gripping the earth
And lightning scrawled on the sky.

The passing motor busses swayed,
For the street was a river of rain,
Lashed into little golden waves
In the lamp light's stain.

With the wild spring rain and thunder
My heart was wild and gay;
Your eyes said more to me that night
Than your lips would ever say. . . .

SPRING RAIN

I thought I had forgotten,
  But it all came back again
To-night with the first spring thunder
  In a rush of rain.

THE GHOST

I WENT back to the clanging city,
I went back where my old loves stayed,
But my heart was full of my new love's glory,
My eyes were laughing and unafraid.

I met one who had loved me madly
And told his love for all to hear —
But we talked of a thousand things together,
The past was buried too deep to fear.

I met the other, whose love was given
With never a kiss and scarcely a word —
Oh, it was then the terror took me
Of words unuttered that breathed and stirred.

Oh, love that lives its life with laughter
Or love that lives its life with tears
Can die — but love that is never spoken
Goes like a ghost through the winding years. . . .

I went back to the clanging city,
  I went back where my old loves stayed,
My heart was full of my new love's glory, —
  But my eyes were suddenly afraid.

SUMMER NIGHT, RIVERSIDE

In the wild, soft summer darkness
How many and many a night we two together
Sat in the park and watched the Hudson
Wearing her lights like golden spangles
Glinting on black satin.
The rail along the curving pathway
Was low in a happy place to let us cross,
And down the hill a tree that dripped with bloom
Sheltered us,
While your kisses and the flowers,
Falling, falling,
Tangled my hair. . . .

The frail white stars moved slowly over the sky.

And now, far off
In the fragrant darkness

The tree is tremulous again with bloom,
For June comes back.

To-night what girl
Dreamily before her mirror shakes from her hair
This year's blossoms, clinging in its coils?

JEWELS

If I should see your eyes again,
I know how far their look would go—
Back to a morning in the park
With sapphire shadows on the snow.

Or back to oak trees in the spring
When you unloosed my hair and kissed
The head that lay against your knees
In the leaf shadow's amethyst.

And still another shining place
We would remember — how the dun
Wild mountain held us on its crest
One diamond morning white with sun.

But I will turn my eyes from you
As women turn to put away
The jewels they have worn at night
And cannot wear in sober day.

II

INTERLUDE:

SONGS OUT OF SORROW

I

SPIRIT'S HOUSE

From naked stones of agony
I will build a house for me;
As a mason all alone
I will raise it, stone by stone,
And every stone where I have bled
Will show a sign of dusky red.
I have not gone the way in vain,
For I have good of all my pain;
My spirit's quiet house will be
Built of naked stones I trod
On roads where I lost sight of God.

II

MASTERY

I WOULD not have a god come in
To shield me suddenly from sin,
And set my house of life to rights;
Nor angels with bright burning wings
Ordering my earthly thoughts and things;
Rather my own frail guttering lights
Wind blown and nearly beaten out;
Rather the terror of the nights
And long, sick groping after doubt;
Rather be lost than let my soul
Slip vaguely from my own control —
Of my own spirit let me be
In sole though feeble mastery.

III

LESSONS

Unless I learn to ask no help
From any other soul but mine,
To seek no strength in waving reeds
Nor shade beneath a straggling pine;
Unless I learn to look at Grief
Unshrinking from her tear-blind eyes,
And take from Pleasure fearlessly
Whatever gifts will make me wise —
Unless I learn these things on earth,
Why was I ever given birth?

IV

WISDOM

When I have ceased to break my wings
Against the faultiness of things,
And learned that compromises wait
Behind each hardly opened gate,
When I can look Life in the eyes,
Grown calm and very coldly wise,
Life will have given me the Truth,
And taken in exchange — my youth.

V

IN A BURYING GROUND

This is the spot where I will lie
When life has had enough of me,
These are the grasses that will blow
Above me like a living sea.

These gay old lilies will not shrink
To draw their life from death of mine,
And I will give my body's fire
To make blue flowers on this vine.

"O Soul," I said, "have you no tears?
Was not the body dear to you?"
I heard my soul say carelessly,
"The myrtle flowers will grow more blue."

VI

WOOD SONG

I HEARD a wood thrush in the dusk
  Twirl three notes and make a star —
My heart that walked with bitterness
  Came back from very far.

Three shining notes were all he had,
  And yet they made a starry call —
I caught life back against my breast
  And kissed it, scars and all.

VII

REFUGE

From my spirit's gray defeat,
From my pulse's flagging beat,
From my hopes that turned to sand
Sifting through my close-clenched hand,
From my own fault's slavery,
If I can sing, I still am free.

For with my singing I can make
A refuge for my spirit's sake,
A house of shining words, to be
My fragile immortality.

III

THE FLIGHT

Look back with longing eyes and know that I
will follow,
Lift me up in your love as a light wind lifts a swallow,
Let our flight be far in sun or blowing rain —
But what if I heard my first love calling me again?

Hold me on your heart as the brave sea holds the
foam,
Take me far away to the hills that hide your home;
Peace shall thatch the roof and love shall latch the
door —
But what if I heard my first love calling me once more?

DEW

As dew leaves the cobweb lightly
  Threaded with stars,
Scattering jewels on the fence
  And the pasture bars;
As dawn leaves the dry grass bright
  And the tangled weeds
Bearing a rainbow gem
  On each of their seeds;
So has your love, my lover,
  Fresh as the dawn,
Made me a shining road
  To travel on,
Set every common sight
  Of tree or stone
Delicately alight
  For me alone.

TO-NIGHT

The moon is a curving flower of gold,
The sky is still and blue;
The moon was made for the sky to hold,
And I for you.

The moon is a flower without a stem,
The sky is luminous;
Eternity was made for them,
To-night for us.

EBB TIDE

When the long day goes by
And I do not see your face,
The old wild, restless sorrow
Steals from its hiding place.

My day is barren and broken,
Bereft of light and song,
A sea beach bleak and windy
That moans the whole day long.

To the empty beach at ebb tide,
Bare with its rocks and scars,
Come back like the sea with singing,
And light of a million stars.

I WOULD LIVE IN YOUR LOVE

I WOULD live in your love as the sea-grasses live
in the sea,
Borne up by each wave as it passes, drawn down by
each wave that recedes;
I would empty my soul of the dreams that have
gathered in me,
I would beat with your heart as it beats, I would
follow your soul as it leads.

BECAUSE

Oh, because you never tried
To bow my will or break my pride,
And nothing of the cave-man made
You want to keep me half afraid,
Nor ever with a conquering air
You thought to draw me unaware —
Take me, for I love you more
Than I ever loved before.

And since the body's maidenhood
Alone were neither rare nor good
Unless with it I gave to you
A spirit still untrammeled, too,
Take my dreams and take my mind
That were masterless as wind;
And "Master!" I shall say to you
Since you never asked me to.

THE TREE OF SONG

I SANG my songs for the rest,
For you I am still;
The tree of my song is bare
On its shining hill.

For you came like a lordly wind,
And the leaves were whirled
Far as forgotten things
Past the rim of the world.

The tree of my song stands bare
Against the blue —
I gave my songs to the rest,
Myself to you.

THE GIVER

You bound strong sandals on my feet,
  You gave me bread and wine,
And sent me under sun and stars,
  For all the world was mine.

Oh, take the sandals off my feet,
  You know not what you do;
For all my world is in your arms,
  My sun and stars are you.

APRIL SONG

Willow, in your April gown
  Delicate and gleaming,
Do you mind in years gone by
  All my dreaming?

Spring was like a call to me
  That I could not answer,
I was chained to loneliness,
  I, the dancer.

Willow, twinkling in the sun,
  Still your leaves and hear me,
I can answer spring at last,
  Love is near me!

THE WANDERER

I saw the sunset-colored sands,
  The Nile like flowing fire between,
  Where Rameses stares forth serene,
And Ammon's heavy temple stands.

I saw the rocks where long ago,
  Above the sea that cries and breaks,
  Swift Perseus with Medusa's snakes
Set free the maiden white like snow.

And many skies have covered me,
  And many winds have blown me forth,
  And I have loved the green, bright north,
And I have loved the cold, sweet sea.

But what to me are north and south,
  And what the lure of many lands,
  Since you have leaned to catch my hands
And lay a kiss upon my mouth.

THE YEARS

To-night I close my eyes and see
A strange procession passing me —
The years before I saw your face
Go by me with a wistful grace;
They pass, the sensitive, shy years,
As one who strives to dance, half blind with tears.

The years went by and never knew
That each one brought me nearer you;
Their path was narrow and apart
And yet it led me to your heart —
Oh, sensitive, shy years, oh, lonely years,
That strove to sing with voices drowned in tears.

ENOUGH

It is enough for me by day
To walk the same bright earth with him;
Enough that over us by night
The same great roof of stars is dim.

I do not hope to bind the wind
Or set a fetter on the sea —
It is enough to feel his love
Blow by like music over me.

COME

Come, when the pale moon like a petal
  Floats in the pearly dusk of spring,
Come with arms outstretched to take me,
  Come with lips pursed up to cling.

Come, for life is a frail moth flying,
  Caught in the web of the years that pass,
And soon we two, so warm and eager,
  Will be as the gray stones in the grass.

JOY

I AM wild, I will sing to the trees,
I will sing to the stars in the sky,
I love, I am loved, he is mine,
Now at last I can die!

I am sandaled with wind and with flame,
I have heart-fire and singing to give,
I can tread on the grass or the stars,
Now at last I can live!

RICHES

I HAVE no riches but my thoughts,
  Yet these are wealth enough for me;
My thoughts of you are golden coins
  Stamped in the mint of memory;

And I must spend them all in song,
  For thoughts, as well as gold, must be
Left on the hither side of death
  To gain their immortality.

DUSK IN WAR TIME

A HALF-HOUR more and you will lean
To gather me close in the old sweet way —
But oh, to the woman over the sea
Who will come at the close of day?

A half-hour more and I will hear
The key in the latch and the strong, quick tread —
But oh, the woman over the sea
Waiting at dusk for one who is dead!

PEACE

Peace flows into me
As the tide to the pool by the shore;
It is mine forevermore,
It will not ebb like the sea.

I am the pool of blue
That worships the vivid sky;
My hopes were heaven-high,
They are all fulfilled in you.

I am the pool of gold
When sunset burns and dies —
You are my deepening skies;
Give me your stars to hold.

MOODS

I AM the still rain falling,
  Too tired for singing mirth —
Oh, be the green fields calling,
  Oh, be for me the earth!

I am the brown bird pining
  To leave the nest and fly —
Oh, be the fresh cloud shining,
  Oh, be for me the sky!

HOUSES OF DREAMS

You took my empty dreams
And filled them every one
With tenderness and nobleness,
April and the sun.

The old empty dreams
Where my thoughts would throng
Are far too full of happiness
To even hold a song.

Oh, the empty dreams were dim
And the empty dreams were wide,
They were sweet and shadowy houses
Where my thoughts could hide.

But you took my dreams away
And you made them all come true —
My thoughts have no place now to play,
And nothing now to do.

LIGHTS

When we come home at night and close the door,
Standing together in the shadowy room,
Safe in our own love and the gentle gloom,
Glad of familiar wall and chair and floor,

Glad to leave far below the clanging city;
Looking far downward to the glaring street
Gaudy with light, yet tired with many feet,
In both of us wells up a wordless pity;

Men have tried hard to put away the dark;
A million lighted windows brilliantly
Inlay with squares of gold the winter night,
But to us standing here there comes the stark
Sense of the lives behind each yellow light,
And not one wholly joyous, proud, or free.

"I AM NOT YOURS"

I AM not yours, not lost in you,
Not lost, although I long to be
Lost as a candle lit at noon,
Lost as a snowflake in the sea.

You love me, and I find you still
A spirit beautiful and bright,
Yet I am I, who long to be
Lost as a light is lost in light.

Oh plunge me deep in love — put out
My senses, leave me deaf and blind,
Swept by the tempest of your love,
A taper in a rushing wind.

DOUBT

My soul lives in my body's house,
And you have both the house and her —
But sometimes she is less your own
Than a wild, gay adventurer;
A restless and an eager wraith,
How can I tell what she will do —
Oh, I am sure of my body's faith,
But what if my soul broke faith with you?

THE WIND

A WIND is blowing over my soul,
I hear it cry the whole night through —
Is there no peace for me on earth
Except with you?

Alas, the wind has made me wise,
Over my naked soul it blew, —
There is no peace for me on earth
Even with you.

MORNING

I WENT out on an April morning
All alone, for my heart was high,
I was a child of the shining meadow,
I was a sister of the sky.

There in the windy flood of morning
Longing lifted its weight from me,
Lost as a sob in the midst of cheering,
Swept as a sea-bird out to sea.

IV

A NOVEMBER NIGHT

There! See the line of lights,
A chain of stars down either side the street —
Why can't you lift the chain and give it to me,
A necklace for my throat? I'd twist it round
And you could play with it. You smile at me
As though I were a little dreamy child
Behind whose eyes the fairies live. . . . And see,
The people on the street look up at us
All envious. We are a king and queen,
Our royal carriage is a motor bus,
We watch our subjects with a haughty joy. . . .
How still you are! Have you been hard at work
And are you tired to-night? It is so long
Since I have seen you — four whole days, I think.
My heart is crowded full of foolish thoughts
Like early flowers in an April meadow,
And I must give them to you, all of them,

Before they fade. The people I have met,
The play I saw, the trivial, shifting things
That loom too big or shrink too little, shadows
That hurry, gesturing along a wall,
Haunting or gay — and yet they all grow real
And take their proper size here in my heart
When you have seen them. . . . There's the Plaza now,
A lake of light! To-night it almost seems
That all the lights are gathered in your eyes,
Drawn somehow toward you. See the open park
Lying below us with a million lamps
Scattered in wise disorder like the stars.
We look down on them as God must look down
On constellations floating under Him
Tangled in clouds. . . . Come, then, and let us walk
Since we have reached the park. It is our garden,
All black and blossomless this winter night,
But we bring April with us, you and I;
We set the whole world on the trail of spring.

A NOVEMBER NIGHT

I think that every path we ever took
Has marked our footprints in mysterious fire,
Delicate gold that only fairies see.
When they wake up at dawn in hollow tree-trunks
And come out on the drowsy park, they look
Along the empty paths and say, "Oh, here
They went, and here, and here, and here! Come, see,
Here is their bench, take hands and let us dance
About it in a windy ring and make
A circle round it only they can cross
When they come back again!" . . . Look at the
lake —
Do you remember how we watched the swans
That night in late October while they slept?
Swans must have stately dreams, I think. But now
The lake bears only thin reflected lights
That shake a little. How I long to take
One from the cold black water — new-made gold
To give you in your hand! And see, and see,
There is a star, deep in the lake, a star!

A NOVEMBER NIGHT

Oh, dimmer than a pearl — if you stoop down
Your hand could almost reach it up to me. . . .

There was a new frail yellow moon to-night —
I wish you could have had it for a cup
With stars like dew to fill it to the brim. . . .

How cold it is! Even the lights are cold;
They have put shawls of fog around them, see!
What if the air should grow so dimly white
That we would lose our way along the paths
Made new by walls of moving mist receding
The more we follow. . . . What a silver night!
That was our bench the time you said to me
The long new poem — but how different now,
How eerie with the curtain of the fog
Making it strange to all the friendly trees!
There is no wind, and yet great curving scrolls
Carve themselves, ever changing, in the mist.
Walk on a little, let me stand here watching
To see you, too, grown strange to me and far. . . .

A NOVEMBER NIGHT

I used to wonder how the park would be
If one night we could have it all alone —
No lovers with close arm-encircled waists
To whisper and break in upon our dreams.
And now we have it! Every wish comes true!
We are alone now in a fleecy world;
Even the stars have gone. We two alone!

Printed in the United States of America.

C0-API-804